Vol. IV. Numb. 42.

THE OBSERVATOR.

More High-Church *Forgeries against the* Obſervator. *An Account of the* Obſervator's *Family. The uſe of* Scandal *and* Forgery. *A Sea Fighting-Story*, &c.

From **Wednesday** Auguſt the 22d to **Saturday** Auguſt the 25th, 1705.

Country-m. MAſter, I have got a Fighting Story, but I won't tell it you before you have given me a few more of the *High-Church* Forgeries.

Obſ. Prithee, Man, I have given ſo many already, that the People are Clog'd with 'em, and ſay they are needleſs as to produce Demonſtration that there is a *Habitable World*, a *Sun* in the *Firmament*, *Stars* in the *Sky*, or that *Animals* Act according to their *Natures*: 'Tis as Natural for ſuch a Prieſt as *Leſly* to *Lie*, as 'tis for a *Tyth Pig* to *Piſs*. Prithee, Man, *High-Church* it ſelf is a meer *Lie* and *Forgery*, and is no more like the real, true Eſtabliſh'd *Church of England*, than thou art like a *Dromedary*.

Country-m. But, Maſter, they belie you, and tho' the better and more Underſtanding ſort of Mankind know what they ſay to be falſe, yet ſuch Stories may make Impreſſions upon others, contrary to the Intereſt of your *Reputation*.

Obſ. I deſire a *Reputation* only amongſt Men of *Senſe*, *Probity* and *Honeſty*; and 'tis impoſſible for a Man to clear his *Reputation* in the Eyes of Men Blinded with *Prejudice* and *Malice*.

Country-m. Maſter, if you won't be Angry I'll aſk you a Queſtion or two.

Obſ. What Queſtions you pleaſe, *Country-man*, I am ſure they won't be againſt the *Government*.

Country-m. Had you ever a *Father*?

Obſ. Yes, certainly, and a *Mother* too.

Country-m. But were you Born any where?

Obſ. Thou art certainly Mad. Art got to Croſs Purpoſes?

Country-m. Here's a Book that gives an Account of your *Life*, and ſays you were Born in *Yorkſhire*, and was a ſad young Rogue.

Obſ. I never was in *Yorkſhire* in my Life, nor was the *Mother* that bore me ever there as I heard of. I was Born near *Limmington* in *Hampſhire*. My *Grand-Father* was Miniſter of St. *Mary Ottery*, in the *Weſt*, afterwards Miniſter of *Newport*, in the Iſle of *Wight*, where he Died in a good Old Age, after much Service to his *Country* and the *Church of Chriſt*.

My *Father*, his Second *Son*, was Miniſter of *Brokenburſt*, in the *New-Forreſt*: He Dyed at *Limmington*, and lies Bury'd, with my Elder Brother, in the *Chancel* of that Church.

The Eldeſt *Son* of my *Grand-Father*, Mr. *John Tutchin*, was Miniſter of *Fowey* in *Cornwall*, had been Captain of Horſe in the *Civil-Wars*, was one of the beſt Scholars in *Europe*; and, perhaps, the beſt Skill'd in the *Oriental* Languages of any in his time.

The Youngeſt Son of my Grandfather, Mr. *Samuel Tutchin*, was Miniſter of *Odiham*, in *Hampſhire*, afterwards went into the *Eaſt-India* Companies Service, and was Miniſter at Fort St. *George*, alias *Madraſs*, in *India*, were he Died.

My Grandfather and three Sons, to keep their Conſciencies, left their Benefices on the ſame day, *viz.* the *Black-Bartholomew*, after the Reſtauration; and after many *Barbarous Perſecutions* and *Troubles* all of 'em Died with Peace of *Conſcience*, and in good Repute with the beſt of Men. You have an Account of all of 'em in Mr. *Calamy's Abridgment* of Mr. *Baxters* Life and Times.

But, Honeſt *Country man*, 'tis no *Reputation* to a Man to be Deſcended from a good Stock, if he does not Inherit the Vertues of his Anceſtors; and in this Point I muſt be ſilent, for, indeed, a Mans own Word ought not to paſs in his own Vindication; but, however, I ſhall ſay ſo much of my ſelf, as to prove what you repeat from that Paper, to be a *High-Church Forgery* like the reſt.

I was put early to the *Free-School*, at *Limmington*, under the care of Mr. *Samuel Antrim*, Maſter of that School. After I had made a conſiderable Progreſs in *Grammar* Learning, and the *Claſſick Authors*, I was removed to the Tuition of Mr. *Samuel Hardy*, Miniſter of *Pool*, in *Dorſetſhire*, a Gentleman much noted in that Country for *Piety* and *Learning*, but never kept above ſix or ſeven *Pupils*, my ſelf, three of the Family of *Trenchard*, and two Merchants Sons, being the whole number whilſt I was there, which was for the ſpace of five Years.

Here I was emproved in the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues, and went thro' a Syſtem of *Logick*. From hence I was removed to an *Accademy* at *Stepney*, under the Care of the Reverend and Learned Mr. *Edward Veel*, yet Living, where I Learn't the *Hebrew*, went thro' a courſe of *Philoſophy*, *Metaphyſicks*, *Coſmography*, and the uſe of the *Globes*, before I was Twenty Years of Age.

The Abilities of our Tutor, is apparent in the many Learned Gentlemen, now Living, that were Educated in that *Accademy*, of which I own my ſelf to be one of the meaneſt. What my Studies have ſince been, either at Home or Abroad, I ſhall not mention, thinking it the fair Point to give ſuch Relations as are neareſt *Reproof*, if falſe.

As to all my Misfortunes in the World, they are owing to my Services for my *Country*, I have ever been the ſame *Engliſhman* in all *Reigns*; and if I know any thing of my own Heart, I could rather chuſe to Labour with my hands for a Living, than to riſe by ſuch Mean, Siniſter, and Tricking Methods, by which ſome Men have crept up to the top of *Preferment*.

Country-m. So much for your ſelf and Family. But my Miſtreſs is Abus'd in this *Libel*.

Obſ. We have had enough of *High-Church Forgeries*, let's hear a little of their Manners; I am ſure 'tis very Ill Breeding to Reflect on the Wife for the Miſbehaviour of her Huſband.

Country-m Nay, Maſter, you muſt Vindicate my Miſtreſs, or elſe you are no Good Huſband.

Obſ.

Obſ. Prithee, Man, theſe *High-Church* Fellows have *Villify'd*, *Scandaliz'd*, *Bely'd*, and *Reflected* on our Soveraign Lady, the *QUEEN*, the top of the Sex: Can it then be wonder'd at, that they ſhould belye Miſtreſs *Obſervator*, that is no more acquainted at *Court*, than ſhe is at the *Weſt-Indies*. Prithee, what do they ſay of my Wife? They han't brought the Girl into a Plot, have they?

Country-m. No, no, but for one Angry Word they will do it. They ſay, that you Married an Old *Cook-Maid* at *London*, and that when you had got her with Child, you went away and left both to the *Pariſh*.

Obſ. And now, I ſuppoſe, you would have me give you an Account of my Wife's Family.

Country-m. Yes, Maſter, that's the only way to detect another *High-Church Forgery*.

Obſ. Honeſt *Country-man*, there's many a Man that Marries a Woman, and does not know what ſhe was, *ab Origine*; but 'tis no matter what ſhe has been, provided ſhe makes him a good Wife. Now I am well aſſured what mine has been, becauſe we have known one another from Children, ſhe was Born and Bred a Gentlewoman, and was at the Young Ladies Boarding-School at *Stepney*, when I was with my Tutor in the ſame place. Her Father was a very Noted Gentleman, Namely Mr. *John Hickes*, and to ſhow you the *Savage Nature* of *High-Church*, and that they Devour their own *Species*, Blacken and Aſperſe their own *Friends*, to beſpatter one that ſtands in the way of their *Wicked Deſigns*, Doctor *George Hickes*, the late Dean of *Worceſter*, and the famous *Nonjuror*, is my Wifes own Uncle, as is Doctor *Ralph Hickes*, one of the *Colledge* of *Phyſitians*, in *London*; and let theſe Gentlemen teſtifie whether ever their Neice was a Cook-Maid.

This is my Wife's Family by the Fathers ſide. Her Mother was own Siſter to the Reverend Mr. *John How*, the *Non-Conforming Miniſter*, lately Deceas'd; the Reputation of whoſe Family, now Living in *London*, is far Superiour to any of the *High-Church Forgers* on their Kinſwoman; and that I ever left my Wife, otherwiſe than when I have been on a Journey, or beyond Sea in the Service of my Country, is a Wicked Falſehood.

Country-m. Well, Maſter, do you juſtifie your ſelf with your Pen; but if I can come at the *High Church Libellers*, I'll Vindicate my Miſtreſs with my Towel.

Obſ. Honeſt *Country-man*, Some Men have wonder'd that, ere now, I have not removed thoſe Immenſe Loads of Dirt that the *High-Church* Scavengers have laid at my Door. But when I conſider'd that *Fortiter Calumniare*, &c. is the *High-Church* Maxim; and that the Railing Accuſations they brought againſt me were the only Arguments they had to Confute mine, I thought it beneath me to take any Notice of their *Lies* and *Forgeries*, very well knowing that the beſt Men in *England* were better acquainted with my Character; nay, in Point of *Calumny*, they Deſcended ſo low as to hire the *Incorrigible Rogue* in the *Queens Bench*, who had been more than once under the Cenſure of *Parliament*, had ſtood in the *Pillory*, and had been *Whip'd* in *Bridewell* for *Lying*, to Publiſh to the World that I was concern'd with him in the *Forging* of *Letters*, which I never Read, either in *Print* or *Manuſcript*, in my whole Life. Of this I ſhall give a Pretty Account when time ſhall ſerve.

For my part theſe *Lies* and *Forgeries*, little Trouble me. It has been the common Fate of thoſe who have Defended the *Engliſh Liberties* to be thus aſpers'd. This has been the Practice of *High-Church* (for 'tis of a long ſtanding) ever ſince the *Reformation*. They Reported of *Luther*, That he Died in *Deſpair*, and that there was a great Stench of *Brimſtone* in his Grave, when he was a Live at the ſame time to Contradict the Report.

They reported That *Beza* ran away with another Mans Wife; That *Calvin* was Branded on the Shoulder for a *Rogue*. *Athanaſius* was Accuſed thirty times; *Cato* fifty times, wrongfully, and Acquitted themſelves: The beſt Men have not been free from Reproach.

And *Reproaches*, tho' never ſo falſe, yet they give ſome Cauſe for Suſpicion, ſo that the beſt way for a Man to Defend himſelf from Reproaches, is to have a good *Conſcience*, and to keep all Quiet within himſelf. *Beza*, in *Opuſc.* ſaith, *Calumnia, leviter volat, ſed graviter Vulnerat; Leviter volat, ſed non tam leviter revocatur.* i. e. *Reproach ſoon flies Abroad, but it deeply Wounds. It quickly flies out, but is not ſo ſoon recall'd.* This is the Practice of the *High Church Party*. From this Battery of *Scandal* do they Bomb all Mankind, the *Queen*, the *Government*, the *Miniſtry*, the *Subject*, every Body: But theſe are Artifices Deſpis'd by Wiſe and Good Men, for *Si ſatis eſt accuſare quis Innocens erit?* If falſe *Accuſations* be ſufficient to take away a Mans good Name, who is ſafe from the Edge of an Evil Tongue?

Country-m. Well, Maſter, I am now ſatisfy'd; I have my Belly full of *High Church Forgeries*, and now to my Fighting Story.

Her Majeſties Ship, the *Chatham*, has brought into *Plimouth* a *French* Man of War of 54 Guns, which ſhe Took off of the *Lizard*, a ſharp Engagement (not the ſharpeſt that ever was ſeen) of five hours, in which our Ship had but one Man Kill'd, and fourteen Wounded; and the *Frenchman* had thirty Kill'd out-right, and twenty Wounded. And another of our Ships is Chaſing a *Frenchman*, and we hope to have a good Account of Her. They ſay this *French* Ship we have Taken, is that (I was going to ſay *Took*) carry'd the *Elizabeth* into *France*.

Now, Maſter, five hours Work at Fighting, is very hard, I could never hold it ſo long at *Fifty-Cuffs*. Methinks I would gladly ſee a *Sea-Fight*, but I don't Care to be ſo long about it; ſo long in danger of having ones precious Body beat as flat as a *Pan-Cake* with an *Iron-Dumplin*.

Obſ. The greateſt Encouragement for thee in the World, thou ſeeſt there was but one Man of ours Kill'd, and fourteen Wounded in the whole five hours.

Country-m. Aye, Maſter, but the one Man Kill'd might ha' been *Roger*, or I might ha' been one of the fourteen Wounded, and ſo ha' gone to the bottom o'th' Sea as Blind as a *Beetle*, to ha' Fatten'd the *Crabs* and *Lobſters*, or elſe ha' come without my Legs, and ſo ha' ſat all my Life upon my *But-end*, like a *Taylor*, or ha' hop'd like a *Devil* upon two Sticks. I had rather Read theſe Stories than be their Author, I am for being a *Fighter* after the manner of *Edward Jones* in the *Savoy*, and yet, methinks, I would fain ſee it too.

I have another *Sea-Fighting* Story for you, and a *Non-Fighting* Story by Land, the next time we meet. Maſter, we have ſat up late this Evening, therefore let us March to Bed with a good Health to all the Fighting Fellows that dare Venture their Heads where I dare not venture my Hands.

Advertiſements.

THE **Athenian Spy**: Diſcovering the Secret Letters, which were ſent to the *Athenian Society*, by the moſt Ingenious Ladies of the Three Kingdoms, relating to the *Management of their* Affections with their Anſwers; being a Curious Syſtem of *Love* Cafes, Platonick and Natural: Containing the *Principles of Love*, according to Plato's Idea: And *The way of a Man with a Maid*. Or, The *Whole Art of* Amour, in all its *Intrigues* and *Amuſements*, till Its Conſummation in Enjoyment; with Private Inſtructions to the Bride and Bridegroom, and a Modeſt Eſſay on due Benevolence, or the ſeaſonable uſe of the Marriage Bed. An Invention for the helping off of old Maids, and a Project of an Office for the Unmarrying ſuch as are unequally Yoaked. With other Curious particulars, and great Variety of Poems, being an intire Collection of the *Love Secrets*, ſent to the *Athenian Society*. Price 2*s*. 6*d*. Printed for *R. Halſey*, and are to be Sold by *John Baker*, at *Mercers-Chapple*, and *Joſeph Hazard*, at the *Bible*, in *Stationers* Hall-Yard, near *Ludgate*.

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* She is Removed from the *Glaſs-Lanthorn* in *Plough-Yard*, to the *Golden-Ball*, in *Hand-Court*, over-againſt Great Turn-Stile, in *Holbourn*.

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